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NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1888.

HER DEAD EMPEROR. easive Ceremonies at Potsdam-The

Deep Emotion of the New Emperor-Proc-ismation of William II, to the Pressian People-He will Try to Guard the Peace. Copyrighted, 1888, by Tun Son Printing and Publishing

POTSDAM, June 18 .- The sun smiled on the Emperor's funeral. Just before the procession started the rain stopped, and the sun shone for nearly three hours upon the great military pageant that signalized the last function on earth of the nation's late ruler. Then as kings, princes, noblemen and commoners left the church wherein the body lay, the sun disappeared again, and the rain drizzled drearily as before. The pain-racked, suffering and peace-loving monarch is forever at rest in his place. There has sprung up a stalwart, iron willed and masterful figure, instinct with force, ambition, and power, the idol of the army and the people. Even to-day the eyes of the great multitude forsook the gorgeous catafalque on which the mortal remains of Frederick lay to gaze eagerly at the tall and clean-limbed young monarch. William IL, as he strode along behind his father's bier. The living hero usurped the dead martyr's honors, even at the apex of Frederick's career of suffering and disaster.

When I arose from a German bed at 5 o'clock this morning for the purpose of seeking rest and repose by standing up, I found the street in front of my windows literally black with people. A large staff of London correspondents were quartered in the half dozen adjoin s, and as most of them encountered the German bed for the first time last night, the expressions of opinions were vivid and caustic to a degree. A drizzling, soppy, dreary rain was falling upon the vast array of hats in the street. The populace had apparently made up its mind to suffer and be strong.

Through the middle of the street a space was cleared for the procession, and over the pavement was strewn a thick matting of evergreens and laurel. The scent from it was as pungen and delicious as a breeze from a mossy wood on a showery April day.

Presently the rain slacked its vigor for a time, and during one of these periods the heavy tramp of military boots was heard, and the first regiment of Uhlans marched down the street, and, facing each other four rows deep, made a living wall along each side of the laurel-carpeted street. They were magnificent-looking men. Their uniforms were dark blue, except where a huge V of white cloth stretched from the shoulders down to a point at the belt. The helmets were silver, with white plumes. They wore boots that came nearly up to the thigh, and white gloves. It is one of the crack cavalry regiments of the empire, all of the officers being men of title. The dandy of the regiment chanced to stand opposite my window. The other officers gathered around him whenever he stepped out of the ranks to look about. It was Prince Hohenzollern, 19 years old, perfectly built, of vast fortune and polished manners. He had the handsomest type of German face, clear profile, white and red color, light, wavy hair, and a pair of big blue eyes. His uniform fitted his erect and stalwart figure without a wrinkle, and a wide crimson sash across his breast indicated his rank.

He was the ideal of a school girl's dream. The immaculate whiteness of his kid gloves had suffered from the showers, and he called a lackey of stupendous elegance as to livery to him, and tearing off the old gloves he threw them aside and began to put a fresh pair on over white hands that fairly blazed with lowels. While the young warrior was thus engaged he put a glass in one of his big blue eyes and placidly surveyed the mob, and the mob was abashed, for behold it was a Prince.

The large and aristocratic eye of his Highness suddenly became fixed, and an expression of admiration passed over his mobile features I followed his gaze, and saw a fairfaced young, long-haired girl leaning over a balcony and looking down at the shapely youngster on whom fortune has thrust so heavy gray eyes were fixed thoughtfully ahead, little German maiden was blushing like mad as she bent forward with clasped hands and gazed at the Prince. There was a sudden howl in the rear, and his Highness turned in time to see the mob fighting for the possession of his discarded gloves. Without a second glance he turned on his heel, strode over to a group of fellow officers, and entered into the talk.

The police quelled the row amid howls of laughter, and then the vast throng amused itself by laughing at the antics of a cripple who had climbed a tree, and was imitating circus gymnasts with grotesque effect. Everywhere there was laughter and good nature. It was strikingly unlike the funeral of the old Kaiser during that awful storm of sleet and snow in Berlin streets. Even the people in the streets cried bitterly as the body of the old Emperor was carried up the Linden that day. It was in every sense a day of sorrow, mourning, and ortune, while the spirit of holiday making

was the characteristic of the multitude to-day.

The hours were on, broken only by the incessant pealing of the bells. The nest, showy regiments of the empire arrived one after the other, and stretched their glittering length slong the line of march, until the living walls between the palace and the church were complete. Between the walls of men the officers strode about, paying short visits to one another. Prince Leopold, the fighting son of that famous old soldier, the Red Prince, strolled along, and, catching sight of Prince Hohensollern in the ranks, dreamily stabbing a laurel with the end of his sword, stopped and for a short time the two Princes chatted. with broad smiles and a great air of confl dence, and then, with courtly bows and brisk salutes parted again. The girl still leaned over the balcony rail, watching the Prince with feverish interest, though he seemed to have forgotten her. The wind had blown a lock or two of her golden hair across her pretty face. Her lips were parted, and a scarlet spot burned vividly on either cheek. Her eyes said a miln things. Suddenly the Prince shot another glance at her and was saluted by a flash of color. With the whole-souled sigh of a thorough wanderer I went in to eat a cold breakfast of sausage, seltzer, black bread, and onions, for which the owner of the house charged me six dollars with an air of fatherly benevolence,

For hours the bells chimed and the crowd larked and laughed. The dandy of the regiment beneath my window had drawn off one of his white gloves, and was tenderly filing the corner of a nail with a silver-handled knife. when there was a sharp military order, and he hurriedly pulled on the glove after tossing the knife to the gorgeous lackey. The mournful strains of the Dead March from Saul floated on the air from the great military bands, and the new Emperor's own regiment, the Red Hussars, rode slowly into sight at the head of the funeral procession.

There was a general straightening of ranks the husears appeared. The sun came out and lighted up the most showy uniforms in Europe as the men rolled along. The new Emperor is Colonel of this regiment, and it is now lifted by his succession to the throne into the first place in the service.

Following the Red Hussars was a great aquadron of the favorite regiment of the dead Emperor, the one of which he was Colonel. These white-clad Uhlans, with their shining breastplates, gold helmets, surmounted by sliper eagles and colored trappings, shone bril-

BURIAL OF FREDERICK III. | Von Below, led them. His breastplate was literally covered with glittering orders.

Be ore this regiment had passed there was a GERMANY MOURNING AT THE BIER OF

great commotion near the Brandenburg gate, where a party of workmen had assembled. They had walked all the way out from Berlin, starting at 3 o'clock in the morning. The Third Footguards, the Fourth Musketeers, and the celebrated green Jasper regiments filed passed. There were long and apparently endless lines of men.

One regiment, a thousand strong, was composed of picked men from every regiment in the kingdom. Another regiment was made up of men who run railroads for the army. They have built and practice daily on a model rallroad at Schoenberg. Another body of horse passed. They were the Guard du Corps, in white and gold. They had stood hours in the rain, but the hot sun was too much for them, and two of them fainted, lying senseless and unattended in the dense throng, while the procession passed. Who could bother with fainting soldiers when live Kings were in sight?

The Uhlans were followed by the Second Dragoon Guards in bright blue, with white trappings, and after them came the Third Battallon of the Uhlan Guards, and as they clattered by Prince Hohenzollern examined a bracelet on his left wrist with such deep affection that the beautiful little German girl on the balcony retired with the corner of her mouth drawn down and widely distended

eyes. She sat in a big arm chair.

The depressing roll of muffled drums announced the approach of the infantry, the leading regiment being the first foot guard of which the Emperor of Russia is honorary Colonel.

Two elaborately dressed court chamberlains came next, and after them a long line of officers of the household and a dozen of royal pages The court chamberlains were tall, portly, and amiable looking men, covered with gold lace. After they had all passed a man of stalwart physique, with a tendency to corpulence. spectacles, and a big moustache, strode by bearing the sword of state upon a velvet cushion. This was Count Herbert Bismarck. The people looked eagerly for the Iron Chancellor, but he was as conspicuously absent from this as from the last imperial funeral. His enemies say he stays away to gratify a love for exciting comment. His friends aver that he is a bit weak in the legs. The truth probably is that in this, as in the former case, the tremendous labors of running the whole ship of state wears him well out, so that he forgoes the funeral for much needed bodily

Von Moltke was there with his Marshal's baton—a slight, erect man, with a face that looked as kindly as that of an aged philanthropist, instead of the most notable genius on earth in the art of killing men in battle. Sir Morrell Mackenzie walked with a group of eight doctors, his face looking sallow and worn. He was clad in English court costume of the last century, claret-colored dress coat with a high rolling collar and big gold buttons. Apparently he was not recognized, for all the evening newspapers insisted that he was not

Prince Henry, the brother of the present Emperor, was in an Admiral's uniform. He seemed very much cast down. Prince Leopold of Bavaria and the hereditary Grand Duke of Baden walked side by side in uniforms and orders of amazing gorgeousness.

Eight black horses followed, drawing the catafalque, which rose as high as the second story of an average New York house. On the top of it was the great red casket, surmounted by a huge gold helmet. Twelve Generals held the edges of the velvet panoply, and twelve Lieutenant-Generals carried the ends of the cords that fell from the coffin on either side of the funeral car. The horses were led by Colonels of the Emperor's body regiments. An old bay horse that the dead King rode at Sedan was led in the wake of the catafalque.

But the public only glanced at these details. "The King is dead, long live the King." He strode along about fifty feet in the rear of the funeral car. On one side of the young Emper-or walked the old King of Saxony. On the other the Prince of Wales. Both were a pace be hind William IL. His face was colorless. His and his brows were drawn together. His uniform was simple, and his hands hung at his side. The head was thrown back, and the full light fell upon the strong lines of the young ruler's face. He looked as though born to command men. Whenever he chooses to write the

word war millions of men will be thrown into

action, and the face of Europe may be changed. The people surged forward to gaze at him till they almost broke through the lines. He young Emperor was followed by a group of many hundreds of most distinguished men. Statesmen, Princes, and Generals from ever country in the world moved along. The Grand Duke Bladimir of Russia represented the Czar, and the Crown Prince of Sweden represented his sovereign. Siamese, Japanese, and Chinese Princes were numerous. The Ambassadors of all nations, in their endless variety of decorations, were among the followers of the dead. The procession was brought to a close by several regiments of infantry. Then the crowd rushed in. and the First Uhlans, who stood in front of one window, sheathed their swords, and, wheeling about, started to march away. A rose whizzed through the air and fell near the feet of Prince been trampled on by a hundred feet, but he cast a whimsical glance aloft, and detected the pretty little German girl peeping with a flushed and excited face over the balcony rail. The Prince marched away, and the maiden fell back in the arm chair to dream of a golden future. What were Emperors dead and alive to such a stupendous event as this?

When the procession reached the church it was filled with more than a thousand wreaths of flowers that in no way suggested a funeral. The Dowager Empress Augusta, the Princess of Wales, and all the daughters of the late Emperor were waiting in the church when the procession arrived. Forty clergymen preceded he coffin up the sisle and formed a semi-circle around it as it was placed on the altar. The chief court marshal, Prince Radolinski, and four other marshals, assisted by the Ministers of State, placed the crown and other insignia of royalty around the coffin. While the organ played softly a hymn was sung, and then the court preacher Koegel read a chapter from the Bible. Then, as salutes were being fired without, the young Emperor, accompanied by the King of Baxony, went forward to take a last farewell of the dead. The choir chanted softly. and the royal and princely personages drew back. The King of Saxony bent forward and kissed the cloth that hung from the coffin. For a moment the young Emperor stood erect, and then dropping suddenly on his knees he seized the robe in both hands and buried his face in it. For a long time he did not move. It was a touching exhibition of emotion. The older King knell beside him. After a long time the young Emperor arose, and, with his head bent down, moved to the side of the altar. One after another the others went forward and kissed the robe, and the funeral of Germany's martyr Emperor was

As he left the church William II. was cheered to the echo.

The grief of the imperial widow is said to be pitiable. The blow, despite the long warning, has quite prostrated her. She saw the coilin carried from the castle this morning and then retired to hor apartments from which she has

The Prince and Princess of Wales will take

Sir Morell Mackenzie back with them to-morrow night to London. He then goes on a short vacation in the North. The day has closed without an important mishap either at Pots-dam or Berlin. Every man is talking to his neighbor, but the talk is not of the dead but of the living Emperor with his splendid beritage of power, and the question is asked for the thousandth time: What will he do with it?

BLAKELY HALL.

By the Associated Press.

Berlin, June 18.—Prince Bismarck did not, as he intended doing, attend the funeral of the Emperor. He is so exhausted by the excitement which he has recently undergone that he is compelled to reat, and Emperor William expressly commanded him to spare himself from attending the funeral.

A report, supposed to have emanated from Prof. Virchow, appears in the Berlin papers, saying that, in addition to cancer of the laryax, there developed in the later stages of the Emperor's illness gangrenous inflammation of the mucous membrane, which produced gangrenous affections of the bronchial tubes and finally of the lungs.

ous affections of the bronchial tubes and finally of the lungs.

Washington, June 18.—The President and the members of his Cabinet, excepting Secretary Whitney, who is out of the city, and Attorney-General Garland, who is sick, attended the services at the German Lutheran Church in this city this morning in memory of Emperor Frederick III. Many other distinguished people were in attendance, including nearly all the members of the Diriomatic Corps. The services, while simple, were very impressive. They were conducted by the Rev. J. Mueller, pastor of the church. Appropriate music was rendered by the Washington Saengerbund. The services were conducted in the German language, with the exception of a poem on "The Dead Kaiser," written by the Rev. I. H. Cuthbert of this city and read by the pastor.

WILLIAM IL'S PROCLAMATION. He Says be Has Vowed to Re a Just and

Clement Prince to his People. BERLIN, June 18 .- The following is Kalser William's proclamation to the people:

"To MY PEOPLE: God's decree has once more plunged us into the most poignant sorrow. The tomb has scarcely closed over the mortal remains of my never-to-be-forgotten grandfather when his Majesty, my warmly loved father, is also called from this life into everlasting peace. The heroic energy prompted by the Christian self-sacrifice with which, despite his suffering, he knew how to fulfil his kingly duties, seemed to justify the hope that he would be preserved to the fatherland still longer. God willed differently. The royal sufferer, whose heart beat responsive to all, was great and beautiful. He had only a few months granted to him to display on the throne the noble qualities of mind and heart which won him the love of his people. The virtues which adorned him and the victories which he achieved on the battle field will remain a grateful remembrance as long as German hearts beat. An imperishable glory will illumine his chivalrous figure in the history of the fatherland.

Called to the throne of my fathers, I have as sumed the Government, looking up to the King of Kings, and have vowed to God that after the example of my fathers I will be a just and clement prince to my people; that I will foster plety and fear of God; that I will protect peace and promote the welfare of the country, and that I will be a helper of the poor and distressed and a true guardian of the right. In praying God for strength to fulfill these kingly duties which His will imposes upon me. I am supported by confidence in the Prussian people

which a glance at our past history gives me.
"In good and in evil days the Prussian people have always stood by their King. Upon this fidelity, which my fathers have found an indissoluble bond at all times of difficulty and danger. I rely, with the consciousness of returning it from the bottom of my heart as the faithful prince of a faithful people, both equally strong in their devotion to their common fatherland. From this consciousness of the reciprocated love uniting me and my people. I derive confidence that God will vouchsafe me strength and wisdom to exercise my kingly office for the welfare of the fatherland.

WILHELM." The Kreuz Zeitung announces that the Landtag will meet June 28.

FITZSIMONS WAS INDICTED ONCE.

He Tells How It Was-Somebody Remem-bered It and Gratified Ald, Dowling. Somebody ferreted out, to the gratification of Alderman Dowling yesterday, an old charge of larceny against Alderman James M. Fitzsimons for which he was indicted in June, 1878

Alderman Dowling said last night:

"All I know about it is that Fitzsimons was indicted, and that he had pull enough to have the papers removed from the District Attorney's office and destroyed. They are not there now. He is a nice man to attack my honesty.'

ney's office and destroyed. They are not there now. He is a sice man to attack my honesty."

Alderman Fitzsimons said to a Sun reporter:

"A client of mine named Boyle wanted to buy a restaurant in Eignth avenue, at Twenty-eighth street. I had just graduated from the law school, and was studying law with exliceorder Smyth. The owner of the place was James Gartland. My client put up \$100 in his hands to bind the bargain, and Gartland signed a statement that he had been proprietor of the restaurant for thirteen years, and that he was doing a good business. We found his statements were not true. Seading myself at a table with my client, I asked Gartland to kindiy let me have that \$100 which we had paid him the day previously. He produced it, remarking that it was just as I had given it to him. Then we called his attention to the fact that the place was not doing the business claimed, and that he had been there only about nine months. We held on to the money. He talked about having me arrested. I asked that an officer be sent for. I explained the whole thing to him. He refused to take me to the station. I went of my own accord to the Thirty-seventh atreet police station but the Sergeant refused to entertain a charge of larceny. Gartland went to Jefferson Market Court to get a warrant. I encouraged Judge Sherman Smith to gract it, so that the matter might be settled. Finally I was notified one day that I had been indicted upon Gartland's charge. I put in boil and I got ex-Judge Smith to write me a letter explaining who I was, and saving that I demanded an early trial, as I felt that it would be a good advertisement for me. District Attorney Phelps told me that if I never was accused of anything more serious in my life I would be a good advertisement for me. District Attorney Phelps told me that if I never was accused of anything more serious in my life I would be lucky. He said that I never would hear of the case, and I haven't until to-day. I got a fee of \$20 out of it. That's all."

MURDERED HIN BROTHER.

John Garvey Makes in End of William

William and John Garvey, brothers, quarrelied in Sixtleth street near the East River late last night, and John stabbed William in the neck, severing one of the carotids, and killing him instantly.

heek, severing one of the carottes, and kniting him instantly.

The murderer and a number of witnesses were arrested and taken to the Sixty-seventh street police station. The murderer is 22 years old, and lived at 439 East Fifty-ninth street. William to arvey was 20 years old, and lived at 412 East Sixtieth street.

The quarrel was all about a pair of tronsers. It seems that John and William had exchanged, tronsers. John discovered that the pair which he had got was torn, and the row was overthis. Both young men had been drinking very freely, having had in all seven pints of beer between them.

between them.

The dranken row-for it was nothing moreoccurred in troot of 412 East Sixtleth street, on
the sidewalk. From the scene of the murder
the muraerer walked down to the dock at the
loc of Sixtleth street and threw the bloosiy
katle into the river. William Clark saw him
do this do this.

He then went to his home, where he was arrested later in the evening by Capt, Gunner.

John Garvey is a horseshoer.

A Builder Held for Criminal Negitgence. Coroner Eidman held an inquest yesterday the case of Joseph Ranetti, an Italian laborer, who ras killed by the falling of the wall of the building at 8 building Ranctt and others were engaged in tearing down. Testimony showed that bricks had been piled on the upper floors and that the weight broke down the building, fraughts is transfer a builder of 1-7 Fest Twenth rates. Who superiorested the lost was last that

FRED MAY GETS CLUBBED. DEPEW'S BOOM A STUNNER.

MAN GOT A DOUBLE?

If He Has, the Double Insuited Women Drew a Plotel on a Policeman, and Was Knocked Down and Out, and Locked Up

A well-dressed young man, 6 feet 2 or thereabouts, and muscular in proportion, with a light brown moustache and light brown hair, stood on the corner of Warren street and College place at 8% o'clock last night, apparently

Several well-dressed women passed the corner to board street cars, and, the police say, the tinsy man stooped over each time a woman passed, and, catching the hem of her dress, tried to lift it and catch hold of her ankle. Three women came along together when the

well-dressed giant had been behaving this way for five minutes, and they gave him a vigorous talking to. A well-dressed man was standing at the

northeast corner of Warren street, just oppo-site, and he turned to the son of the watchman at Acker, Merrill & Condit's store and said:
"Get a policeman." The boy ran down to Greenwich street and brought back Policeman Daniel McGowan of the Leonard street squad on the run.

McGowan went straight for the tipsy man and asked him what he meant. The tipsy man swore at him and yanked a loaded 88calibre six-chambered British buildog revolver out of his pocket and pointed it at McGowan's

McGowan brought his club around with a blow on the wrist that knocked the revolver spinning, and then hit the tipsy man himself a

spinning, and then hit the tipsy man himself a blos on the head. It stretched him senseless on the sidewalk.

He was carried around to the Leonard street station house, and sergeant Hurley sent around to the Chambers Street Hospital for a surgeon, who brought the prisoner to, and dressed his battered head.

It took half an hour to fix him up, and a number of policemen came in and looked at the giant. Some of them knew Fred May, the club man and athlete.

"Why, it's Fred May," these policemen cried in surprise, and eagerly asked McGowan about his adventure. As soon as he was able to stand, the prisoner braced up, threw back his handsome black cloth coat from his big chest, and answered still in a tipsy tone the Sergeant's questions.

and answered still in a tipsy tone the Sergeant's questions.

He said that his name was Frank Mayne, and that he was a broker and lived in West Fifteenth street. The policemen searched him, but not without great difficulty, for he was still ugly in spite of his cracked head.

The police found in his pocket a note for \$50, drawn by J. R. Humbert and payable to "F. May." He wore a special deputy sheriff's badge and had no money.

There was in his pocket the key of a room in the New York Hotel. The Sergeant on duty refused to tell the number of it. A policeman said it was No. 30. At the hotel last night it was said that Room 30 is in use as a storage room. Fred May, the athlete who fought a duel with James Gordon Bennett, has Room 308.

The police telegraphed to headquarters that

The police telegraphed to headquarters that their prisoner was Fred May.

4,000 HOMELESS PEOPLE,

The Lumber Town of Dubols, Pa., Almost Wiped Out by Fire,

DUBOIS, Pa., June 18 .- Fire turned 4,000 people out of house and home here to-day, and to-night they sleep with no roof to cover them. The loss in money may reach \$1,000,000. It was the most disastrous fire that has ever swept a western Pennsylvania town, except in oildom. It started in the Baker House, near the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh depot, early this afternoon. Before it could be checked nearly a square mile of buildings were completely obliterated. To-night the town is a scene of heartrending desolation. Bare brick walls and smouldering beds of fire are left to tell the story of seven hours of hurning.

Dubois is a town in Clearfield county, in the heart of the lumber region. It was built largely of wood, although many brick buildings were interspersed among the more inflammable structures. It has no apparatus to oppose ble structures. It has no apparatus to oppose
a fire except a few water mains on Long and
Courtney streets, and there was no adequate
hose machine of any kind. A strong wind provalled, and before the people could realize the
situation sparks had been blown from point to
point, and, lighting on the wooden buildings,
which were dry as powder under the intensely
hot sun, kindled the flames in all directions.
Long street, from the Rochester Coal Comnany's store to the top of the hill, extends about a mile, and it was swept clean its entire length, except eight or ten houses at the extreme end. Weber avenue is all burned, as is also Courtney street, from Long street to the Terpe House corner. The Terpe House was saved. Railroad street is a complete ruin, so is Stockfalls street.

saved. Bailroad street is a complete ruin, so a Stockdale street.

The territory covered by the fire resembles a figure 8, being over a mile from end to end, haif a mile at the widest, and two blocks at the middle. It covers the entire business portion of the town except John E. Dubois's store and the Rochester Company's store. Two churches, a dozen hotels, eight drug stores, dry goeds stores, and proceedies, and stores, groceries, hardware stores, innumerable business places of all kinds, and several hundred houses are all gone in smoke.

business places of all kinds, and several hundred houses are all gone in smoke.

To-night feur thousand people are homeless. Many of them saved nothing but the clothes on their back, and unless outside aid comes immediately great suffering will result. Little crows are huddled together on ail the streets leading out of town, not knowing where to turn for a bed or a breakfast.

About 7 o'clock this evening a fire engine arrived from Renova, but it was too late to lend any practical aid. The damage was then already done, and the fire was dying for want of new ground to work on. Unreliable reports

ready done, and the life was dying for want of new ground to work on. Unreliable reports were in circulation to the effect that one or two persons perished in the flames, but that rumor could not be traced to a truthful source. The only living thing known to have perished

LARGE FIRE IN DANBURY.

Twenty Acres Covered with Buildings and

DANBURY, June 18 .- A fire started shortly after 3 P. M. in the business centre of the town, in Armstroug & Co.'s box shop in Canal street. In less than an hour ten or more buildings, be sides lumber yards, many outbuildings and smaller shops, were enveloped in flames. The field of the fire covers more than twenty acres.

Armstrong & Co.'s shop was soon in ruins. The flames sprend to lt. A. Belden & Co.'s ma-The flames sprend to R. A. Belden & Co,'s machine shop, communicating to J. T. Bates's lumber yards on the opposite side of Canal street, both of which were burned. The fire also attacked Meeker's grain elevator, which, with a large amount of grain, was quickly consumed. An adjoining building, known as the sewing machine shop, next fell.

Then Osborne's lumber yards and coal sheds, Chichestor's barn, and several smaller buildings were swept by the flames. The fire crept along the track of the Housatonic Railroad and burned the ties for a quarter of a mile, also the station. The wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company were burned out.

The total loss is about \$125,000.

one to Sea in a Little Bout

Boston, June 18 .- Capt. Andrews set sail this evening in his little fifteen-foot boat for Queenstown. A crowd of 8,000 people watched him and cheered him as he pushed off at the o'clock. His boat, "The Dark Secret," measures about twelve feet on the water line, and fifteen feet over all. She is well loaded with ures about twelve leet on the water ine, and
fitteen feet over all. She is well loaded with
stores of all sorts. Her owner and sole massenger went off in high spirits, confident that he
would make the trip in safely and comparative
context. He will put across the bay to the lee
of the south shore to-night, and begin his
voyage in carnest to-morrow morning. He
heads direct for Queenstown.

Salanson-West LONDON, June 18 .- Miss Flora Sackville

West, the second daughter of Sir Lionel Sackville West, British Minister to Washington, and Sir Gabriel Salanson, late third secretary of the French Legation at Washington, were mar ried to-day in the English Passionist Church in Paris. Owing to the death of Emperor Fred-erick, the ceremony was trivate. The bride.

HAS THE ATHLETIC RACQUET CLUB IT FILLED THE ATMOSPHERE LIKE AN OFERWHELMING ELECTRICAL DISTURBANCE.

New York Voted Solldly to Suspert Its Favertte Sen for the Presidential Nemination, and Started a Rousing Cheer for Dr. pow-The Boom at First Disturbed the Harrison Men and Knocked Out a Contemplated Combine Between Indiana, New Jersey, and Connecticut, but has Not Grown Since-New Jersey will Present the Name of William Walter Phelps, and Connecticut will Present that of Gen. Hawley for First Piace on the Ticket in the Hape of Winning Second Pince-Missouri has a Candidate in the Person of Gen, Henderson-The Alger Boom Dis. integrating, but Notsy-Judge Thurston of Nebraska to be Temperary Chairman.

CHICAGO, June 18-Midnight.-To-night's indications show that, as the result of the day's struggle, the relative strength of the leading candidates has not greatly changed since yesterday. The Denew boom has not | day-the only case of the kind in town. grown since it was so vociferously launched this morning. In fact, it has struck serious snags, and it does not look as though would ever make land. There is every prospect of an early break in the New York delegation, probably after a ballot or two. Platt is hesitating between Harrison and Alger, with a slight tendency to dwell on Harrison. Whenever he notifies Warner Miller that his following in the New York delegation wishes to change its vote give up Depew. Miller is dead against Alger, and not averse to Harrison or a dark horse. If Platt consents to join Miller in a change to Harrison, he will probably make it a part of the bargain that New York shall east its entire vote for Levi P. Morton for Vice-President. The Harrison phalanx still stands as firm as a rock, awaiting developments. The Hoosiers expect to make their first significant gain by the break of New Jorsey from Phelps. It is not improbable that New York will be ready to break on the same roll call. Mr. Depew's nearest friends begin to think that they made a mistake in pushing their candidate too fast. The Western delegations have stiffened their lines against his advance and blocked his way to the nomination.

THE DEPEN BOOM'S START. New York's Delegation Unanimously Decide

to Present Depew's Name. CHICAGO, June 18 .- "Have you seen War-

ner Miller and Tom Platt?" one New York delegate asked of another. "Their faces are long enough to eat oats out of a churn." This was just before the New Yorkers met

for a business session. The two gentlemen with the steeple-like faces were credited with knowing what was going to happen at that meeting. What did happen will be found stated at length further on. The gist of it was that "Our Own Chauncey" ordered a vote by all New Yorkers on their choice, scooped it all in himself, like a big brother dividing an apple, and then made a speech, in which he had the humor to say that he supposed he was the most representative railroad man in the country; but he would yield to the demands the delegates made upon him to serve the party. The Depew boom filled the atmosphere today like an electrical disturbance. It was simply because there had been so many crossshuttle rumors crediting Depew with all the varying moods of a maiden, and saying first that he would and then that he wouldn't, until only his friends, who knew that he had lost his

head, knew what he was going to do. The battle between the half baked town and the chilly waters of Lake Michigan has been a terrific one. For days and days the heat that has been stored in all the walls and sidewalks got the upper hand of the brisk breeze from the lake, and kept repulsing it at the very edge of the town. To-day eight hundred thousand Chicagoans and strangers felt that the big expanse of cool water had at last beaten back the forces of the sun, and sent up a chorus of thankegiving as the refreshing breezes fanned heir foreheads, tossed their window curtains, chased through their hallways, and rejuvenated their spirits.

One thing that the breeze did show was that at last the Republican Convention has made its presence felt upon the bustling prairie town. for to-day its gayest frolicking was among the tens of thousands of flags with which the citizens on the main business streets had decked their storehouses. These and the incoming thousands upon the trains and the transparencies and cotton signs in front of the barrooms at last gave the town what may be called a convention appearance. There is yet no other sign, however, that the city people care much about the Convention. The authorities have detailed an extra force of police in the scrubby. uabusiness-like uniform that Chicago makes them wear, to break up the crowds around the big hotels. The consequence is frightful to those who have any business with the Convention, because all the men with big mouths are thus driven into the lobbies, where they make a perfect pandemonium. At every Convention a form of dementia breaks out-among the noisy nincompoops who somehow get their fares paid along with the delegates. These are the fellows who have had long practice with their tongues as village orators and barroom pleaders. At home they are great men, who sit on barrels and boxes and yawp about things they don't understand. Since they have been driven off the streets they find the lobbies of the big hotels perfect paradises for them. Kept full of liquor, and never seeming to tire out, they congregate crowds around them and hold their audiences by alternately yelling the name of Blaine," and making ridiculous assertions

which they say they get from headquarters. The Grand Pacific Hotel is no longer like a hotel at all. It is like an exaggerated stock exchange. More people walk through the halls and lobbles than are to be seen on any street in the city. The floors are almost hid under cigar stumps, waste paper, and loose dirt. The air, which is stiflingly hot and impure, was always smoky from soft coal fires. but now it is brown and thick with tobacco smoke. The wemen have disappeared. They have been driven out by the rude men. Their dresses would be torn off them if they ventured in that crowd. Besides, the language they would hear would scald their consciences. Now and then belmetted and gaudy bands of musicians, followed by long troops of men in uniforms, push their way through the swarming mass of men. The clerks behind the marble desks are like caged animals past whose bars the crowd at a circus is sweeping. Chamber maids are seen only in the upper halls, and have to battle their way against the rudeness of half-tipsy, boisterous mon. Now and then. as if the hotel was trying to assert its functions, a waiter appears with a tray of crockery some busy one. like Depew or Hiscock, who

does not care to engage in the scrambles of the dining room.

The apathetic, dead and alive temper of the Convention is growing less marked. The lines of political movement are drawing together. The work is beginning to shape itself, and even the idlest-minded men caunot fail to see the collisions with which the opposing booms meet each other. They cannot fall to feel the force of the intense warfare that the half dozen or perhaps dozen men who make Republican politics are waging against one another with violent and fatal consequences to the weaker ones. So that to-day the men who have found more pleasure in comic stories and witty sayings than in the business they came to transact are beginning to take an interest in the grand tussle. There will be less nonsense and dissi-

pation hereafter. Up to the present Chicago has had a demoralizing effect upon the politicians. Sunday was a horrible day from a Christian point of view. Pleasure and vice were rampart. The gin mills and beer cellars were all in full blast. The theatres were wide open, and the cabs kept up a rattle as of a thousand spinning mills in carrying the strangers to the disorderly resorts. It was not the old-fashloned luxurious rioting that the same men enjoyed when the party was in power. They have come down to beer and pretzels. There is a rumor that Elliott F. Shepard gave a waiter \$5 yester-

Now we are going to politics, and politics of the sort indulged in by the cunningest and most cold-blooded politicians in this country, To a layman it is strange to see how the true politicians enjoy and admire each other's work. The New Yorkers, who think nobody compares with them in finesse, are in raptures over the style in which the Harrison men are doing their work. The horse shedding room that the Harrison men have established opposite their public headquarters tickles the New Yorker all to pieces. Those dandy politicians, John C. New, Cunning Michener, Col. Dudley, and Johnny Elam, delight the artists by the way there is no doubt that Miller will be ready to | they are seen flying all around the other headquarters and dragooning men into corners. There is nothing but disgust for the Ohio pollticians, who wear the name of Sherman on their breast, but spend their time in squabbles among themselves.

"Damn you," said a New Yorker to Fire-Alarm Foraker and two or three others, " the trouble with you is, you ain't fer who you are fer. If you was fer the man you are fer you'd

fer. If you was fer the man you are fer you'd sweep the Convention."

But. alas! there is little admiration for the New Yorkers yet. The rest of the politicians say that the men of the Empire State are only making a big bluff. This makes their work all the harder, because they have to overcome the general belief that their Depew fervor is all a picate, and that they are not yet doing their serious work.

Fancy the disgust of those who see some of the Allison men wearing that patriot's name on their breasts and going around the hotel shouting. "Biainel Biaine! James G. Blaine!" Aiger polities bent the deck. The hotel is full of darkies wearing the Aiger button, and yet not able to say why they like their man. Aiger's bedrooms are scattered all over the hotel on every floor. It looks as though the plan were to have an Alger in front of or beside every big politician's headquarters. A boy turned up in the Grand Paellic to-day with a waiking stick of a new pattern. It consisted of a long, siender rattan stuck in the bunghole of a barrel, which formed the handle. Fred Gibbs saw the boy and told him if he would go to the Alger headquarters he could sell his canes like hot cakes. The pirate king of the Algerines is Jay Hubbell, the same who was "My Dear Hubbell" of the Garileid ern. What he does not know about the golden ring and slivery chink of the Alger boom nobody can tell him.

Panally the plan have been few secondates.

Probably there have been few conventions that required so many emblems of divided allegiance. Two that are alike are saldom seen together in the halls. The handsomest badge seen at either Convention is worn by twenty men from Colorado. It cost that number of dollars. It is made of solid silver, and is as beautiful and artistic as it is showy. From a broad bar of gilded silver depends a cartwheel dollar highly burnished, and under that wheel dollar highly burnished, and under that is a device consisting of crossed picks and shovels, with a bucketful of ore hanging from a chain that crosses from shovel to pick. The tiny mining implements are all glided, and the whole device is hung upon a background of white satin. The Californian have thus been outshone, but their badge is still ahead of all the rest. Its form is that of a golden bear hung from a quarter eagle gold piece swinging beneath a bar of gold. The Greshamites wear a pretty little flag butter

still ahead of all the rest. Its form is that of a golden bear hung from a quarter eagle gold bleee swinging beneath a bar of gold. The Greshamites wear a pretty little flag button made out of silk. The elect among the Algerines wear a solid silver stud as big as a cuff button. The Alger buttons that are scattered largely to catch the colored vote are made of brass, and simply gilded. The spruce young fellows from the Foraker Cub of Columbus wear a brilliant searlet badge as gay as the plumage of a tanager. The Harrison men wear a plain badge of white silk, and the Rusk men a bit of bright blue.

The most gorgeous decoration in the hotel is that of Carson Lake, Secretary of the subcommittee of the National Committee. It is a gorgeous napkin of twilled silk, with bullion fringe and gold-embroidered letters. The Benew men have received a small consignment of a hideous white badge with a picture of Adam Foregaugh done in black ink in the middle. But the real New York State and Depew badge is a tiny little silk American flag, worn with a pin long enough to serve as a flag staff. Unfortunately, they have chosen the same flag that Ben Butler used as the emblem of his Feople's ticket four years ago but perhaps they won't know that until they read it in Tax Sun.

The most humorous feature of the situation is also connected with the Depew movement. Right opposite our own Chauncey's room is the spider web of Dan McMillan of Buffalo, leading counsel for the Central Raifroad of western New York. On his door Dan has tacked up a lithograph that makes even the soberest old graybeard laugh when he sees it. Over the face of Chauncey to be his ghoot, and guarded by a heeler. He is not the same free-for-all Chauncey to be his ghost, and who gets rid of a great many beoole that are decived by his appearance. The humor of the Convention between two men, a lat one and a him one:

"What's the news?"

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's the news?" "What's the news?" Well, Chicago is not exactly a summer re-

"What's the news?"

"Well, Chicago is not exactly a summer resort."

"No; but political news. I mean."

"I see lots of colored delegates reaming around in barouches driven by white men. They are all drunk on champagne, and are screaming for Alger.

"Bon't you know anything else?"

"Yes; I just saw Steve Elkins leaning on the arm of a beautiful woman in the Palmer House parfor. They say that is as near as he is getting to political work this statumer. His best Republican friends are augry with him because, they say, he is too gallant to work against Mrs. Cleveland."

"Well, what are you busy about?"

"I am trying to get a ticket to the Cenvention for a Beston millionaire. I find that tickets are fetching from \$10 to \$100, according to the location of the scate."

The anti-Blaine men are having what they consider fun by sending the most rabid Blaineites to a certain number on Clark street to see a wonderful ricture of the Jame statesman. When these people get there they find that it is a dime museum, and on the front of it is an enormous oil painting criticed." Fiji Jim, who has waded through human gore up to his knees." The ricture represents the illustrious negro in a sea of blood, with human heads fleating around in it like corks, and one hoad held in his hand by its hair.

Denew said a funny thing yesterday. He was receiving a most dignified and ponderous visit from tol. Rixby of Kentucky.

"Who going to tresent your name?" said the Colone.

"Hadn't you better have Mr. Evarts? We

"I don't know," said Depew.
"I don't know," said Depew.
"Hadn't you better have Mr. Evarts? We like him very much in Kentucky."
"Why do you like him so much?"
"Because he is so distinguished at the bar,"
"That's so," Mr. Depew replied; "Kentucky always admires whatever is connected with a bar."

THE BANDS BEGIN TO PLAY.

For the first time since the crowd began to assemble here, nearly a week ago, music begins to fill the air. It is the Indiana men who have brought most of the bands here, although the Foraker Club of Columbus has also made the air tremulous with melodious patriotism. By far the funniest procession that has been seen at either Convention was a tiny little one that straggled in from Kansas City this after-

PRICE TWO CENTS.

noon. It started out with about fifty men in tin helmets, and wound up with fifty more men wearing fifty different kinds of floren dusters. Some reached to their hips and some to their heels. Some were white and some to their heels. Some were mussed and solled and a few were shining and new. Nine men in every ten made themselves ridiculous by wearing great white ostrich plumes stuck in yellow, that straw hats. Almost every manearried a gripsack with him, and the way they imped and waiked in from Kansas.

All the trains in Indiana bring men here for two dollars and return, and the consequence to-day has been that there are great unorganized bands of cadaverous Indianians, bearded and veitow-skinned, marching around with fish horns in their hands and Ben Harrison badges on their breasts. It was supposed that Harrison would impress the town with gay bands and fine uniforms. These are missing, but the town is certainly impressed with the number of Harrison men that has surged into it. There were some pretty displays in the evening, and at one time they were so numerous that processions passed one another in front of the Leland. One was a beautiful body of uniformed men, headed by a corps of lancers. It was the local Lincoln Club out for Grecham. The other was agrest serventine line two blocks long, and containing hundreds of men in white plug hats and silvorgray dusters, carrying great Chinese stramers bearing the name of Alger, and suggesting the downfall of Chinese labor, free trade, and all the other hideous lifs that affront markind. At last it seemed as though there really was the making of a Republican Convention, the prolones oar marks of former Conventions were becoming apparent again. Cheering rolled through the people were conxed out of the hotels and swept along the sidewalks jubliantly. The music that was in the air got into their beds, and the town at last began to feel the stimulus and intosicution of politics a tropical heat.

Heretofore the Allison men have made the most show in the Grand Pacific, a

Chauncey M. Depew's decision that he would be a serious candidate before the Convention was the first and most important news of the day. It was noon before his determination was officially announced, but the news had reached the camps of all the other candidates at an earlier hour. All had expected that Mr. Depew earlier hour. All had expected that Mr. Depew would get a complimentary vote from New York, but very few of the politicians had looked upon him as a candidate for more than a bailot. The seriousness with which the friends of Depew went to work convinced the supporters of rival candidates that their judgment had been mistaken, and there was consternation on all sides. John Sherman's weak-kneed supporters were most disturbed of all, as they hoped for quite a Sherman vote from New York and New England at the proper time, under the guidance of Warner Miller and George Frisbie Hoar. They redoubled their efforts to keen their wavering supporters in the South and West from describing them at the bad news about Depew. The friends of Harrison were also greatly ratifed. Col. Dud-lev, one of the ablest workers for young Tippecance, said:

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lev. one of the ablest workers for young Tippecance, said:
"Depew's serious candidacy complicates the
situation very much, and we will not see dayinght for a day or two. If New York persists in
stendiastly voting for her own man, I think the
feeling among the Western Republicans against
corporations is such that it will precipitate a
movement toward John Sherman as the man
who needs the fewest votes to nominate him.
The West will certainly beat Depew in this
Convention."

The Alzer people also felt the influence of
Depew's candidacy, and found their support
growing shakey. The disintegration of the
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growing shakey. The disintegration of the Alger boom began has night, however, and it would go to bleees whether Depew were a candidate or not.

The change in the situation which the Depew movement brought about may be told in a sentence. Three of the doubtful States—Indiana. New Jersey, and Connecticut—separated themselves from the fourth doubtful sister, New York, and statted a movement to control the Convention in their own interest, leaving New York out of consideration. The Harrison workers, who are the smarrest politicians in the Convention in their own interest, leaving New York out of consideration. The Harrison workers, who are the smarrest politicians in the Convention for herself, and threatened to lead the Convention for berself, and threatened to lead the Convention for berself, and threatened to lead the Convention into a mistake; that Depow's candidaev would bring sure defeat apen the party; that New York was not really a doubtful State, but sure to give her electoral vote to the hemoerats, and that wise polities dictated that the Convention should nominate men who could capture States that were doubtful. This was a delicate task for the Harrison men, as they had the conditions interests of Connectient and New Jersey, but they could not either choice of a man for second place on the ticket. Their natural alliance was with Phelis and New Jersey, but they could not enter themselves too far in this direction, as Connectient might be disposed to claim the honor of second place for Joe Hawley.

The Depew men saw the importance of getting the other doubtful States as quickly as the Harrison men did, and less no time in sending out their missionaries to them. They found Mr. Politic himself rather pleased at the interest of the Denew boomers to get New Jersey to agree to go to Depew at any time failed, and she will east her vote for President for President. New York is not at all likely to secure the coloperation of New Jersey in the Depew movement at any time.

As to Connecticut, the situation is very m

anywhere clse.

the Indiana and New Jersey combination as anywhere else.

DEFEW'S GREAT DAY.

The inecting of the New York State men at noon was the first definite step by a big delegation that has possessed any particular significance. The approaches to the doorway of the handsome headquarters at the Grand Pacific were packed with delegates from other States, curious to see how the divided delegation would act. The exact status of the New York representation in the Convention has never been clearly stated, perhaps. The two rival leaders contending for the control of the delegation are Thomas C. Platt and Warner Miller. It has been kenerally understood that good that the particular was left in the minority in the election of delegates to the National Convention, but Aliller and the national Convention of the popular and perhaps ten or twelve men, not especially enamored of either Platt or Miller. This continuent adhered to the fortunes of the popular and rising Berew and formed the induce of power in the delegation to Chicago. It was some time after the Buffalo Convention had adjourned that Warner Miller get in his fine work and made the alliance with Depew, and thus secured, by a skilful combination, the strength to down Boss Platt. Warner Miller is loss of the New York delegation as things now stand, but by raising his finger Chauncey Depew could transfer the bosship from Miller is for Depew for President just now. His sober judgment is against the nonmantion of the railroad President, but the necessities of the situation in New York State make him willing to follow the fortunes of Depew as long as the latter thinks he would like to be a candidate.

In this situation also is found the explanation of ex-Boss Flatt's decility under the draubing he is getting from Miller because the free the draubing he is getting from Miller DEPEW'S GREAT DAY.

as the President of the Asia annony of the most read company.

There was therefore, harmony of the most profound for at the meeting of the New York delegation to-day. Nobody objected when the laid Eagle of Westchester, who was knocked out of the Speaker's chair by Platt, called the meeting to order, Nobody raised his voice is opposition when it was proposed to make the.